2: Lorimer L-3 (1920-24) 1929 AV3 Dard AV3

carry you far away and do you injury. They enter into the skins of dead persons and so make their appearance.

Possibly ghosts sometimes figure as Ḍḥèçḥ or Jinns or are confused with them. There are tales of how people have had dealings with jinns masquerading in the forms of known human beings, but these are rather cases of the impersonation of actual living people.

YAÇH

The name Yaçḥ corresponds to the Sanskrit *yakṣa-*. Yaçḥ are probably to be regarded as a class of Dē.ū who are in some way interested in agriculture. I was given the following statement: "At the time of the removing of the crops (from the fields) the people make *mūl* in a dish and prepare a flavouring of bitter kernels which they add to it. They do this in the name of the Yaçḥ. They then add ghee to the mūl and eat it. They say 'The Yaçḥ is eating the Yaçḥ's mūl.' If they didn't prepare the Yaçḥ's mūl they say the Yaçḥ(s) would carry off the grain and not make it prosper." The last word rendered "Yaçḥ(s)" is peculiar in form and somewhat resembles the word for "bear", but the rendering given is probably correct.[1]

A note is given that the Yaçḥ will become unconscious if it eats a bitter thing. Hence no doubt the bitter kernels.

The Yaçḥ, so far as this custom goes, might be regarded as little more than an abstraction, a fertility, or anti-fertility, spirit of some kind, but there is one story told of a very active and practical Yaçḥ. It was given me as follows: "There is a man of Gurikōt (a place near Astōr) called Rozāli. They say that a Yaçḥ has formed a friendship with the wife of Rozāli. The Yaçḥ brings grain and goods from one place and another and collects them in Rozāli's house. They say if Rozāli scolds his wife or beats her some live stock or other in his house dies. For this reason the man does not scold his wife. If anything in the house goes astray or gets lost

[1] Cp. Yaçḥōlo, p. 527, n.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans
Dard AV3

be difficult to recognize, that is if those who are less so are scrupulously honest! Although they now speak a dialect of Tibetan they must at one time have had a language of their own of which one sometimes strikes peculiar remnants. At Kalatse, for instance, the branches of the pencil cedar are freshly put on one of their *lhatos* at the New Year, accompanied by the mumbling of phrases which they do not understand themselves, but which are usually remains of their own Dardish language.

Nothing, however, can be more strange than their religious arrangements. As has already been mentioned, the *Brogpa* of Hanu and also of the village of Da, which is quite near-by, is a Buddhist, but often in a Buddhist family one member must of necessity be a Mohammedan. Of a similar, but converse arrangement, a most striking example is told. We passed through the village of Bot Kharbu on our way up to Leh. Here there lives a family of Mohammedan Brogpas, but one member of this family must always be a Buddhist priest of the neighbouring monastery of Lamayuru. Now the Mohammedan is only allowed to eat the meat of an animal that has been *hallalled*, that is to say has had its throat cut, whilst the butcher says "Bismillah—it is the will of God," whereas the Buddhist eats meat killed in any way, so long as he himself has not taken the life of the animal. This family avoids such complications by the simple expedient of cooking all the meat in one pot, irrespective of how the animal has been killed, then inserts a bit of stick into the cooking pot, which is said to separate off *hallalled* meat from *unhallalled*, and all the Mohammedan has to be careful about is that he shall not take meat from the wrong side of the stick. Another method they have of keeping on good terms with the spirit powers of both religions is to make members of successive generations of the same family belong to the religion of Mahomet and the lamas in turn. Thus the Brogpa supplies us with another version of the Vicar of Bray story. Some authorities account

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard Av3
Chitral

644 one long line before the entrance to the fort, and as we approached they advanced all together and bowed as one man; the effect of the dignified Eastern salaam so given was fine.

262 We had our first Chitrali dinner at Mastuj, and excellent it was. It was served under the great plane tree which shaded the gate of the fort, on a raised platform running round the trunk. This must have been the place of gossip and assembly for the last two hundred years or more. The dinner consisted of pillaus of all sorts, one excellent pillau of beef being on a huge dish, three feet across, piled high with ric[illegible] [272] The drink was water cooled with snow. After dinner we were given little cups of tea, with salt in it instead [264] of sugar, a most atrocious mixture. I barely tasted mine, but Robertson, who had insisted on our dining *à la Chitrali*, using our fingers for forks, a most unpleasant and greasy proceeding, drank the whole of his at a draught. He was no companion to me for the rest of the day.

431 After breakfast was over Afzul came out and gave us the usual presents — horses, pieces of Bokhara silk, caps and waist-belts embroidered by the women of his household. By the time I left Chitral I had a string of about twenty horses of sorts, most of them dreadful screws, but useful on the march to mount orderlies and servants. I got rid of a good many in presents on my way down through Punyal, and the rest were sold, together with all other presents received, in India, and their value, as is the custom in these cases, credited to the Foreign Office Toshekhana or treasure-house.

000 We remained at Mastuj about a week to give the